



**PEBBLES  
BAMM-BAMM**

NO. 36 DEC  
00786 76/CDC  
**30¢** UK 10P



**ALL  
NEW**

**TEEN-  
AGE**

# **PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM**

a Hanna-Barbera Production

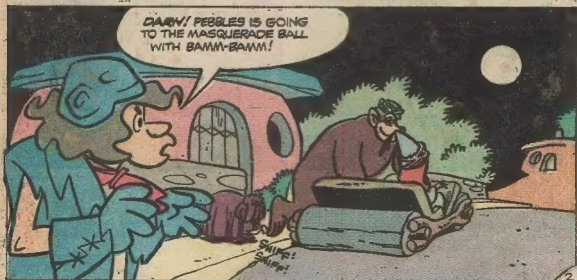


00786

12









WAIT A MINUTE...I KNOW  
HOW I CAN **TRICK** PEBBLES  
INTO DATING ME TONIGHT!



YOU WANT US TO  
MEET BAWM-BAMM  
**OUTSIDE** THE  
MASQUERADE BALL ???



TO **CLUNK** HIM  
AND **STEAL** HIS  
COSTUME ???

DRESSED IN THAT MONKEY  
SUIT, PEBBLES WILL THINK  
I'M HER DATE !

GREAT  
IDEA,  
BRUNO !



HURRY,  
BAMM-BAMM!  
THE BALL  
STARTS  
SOON!



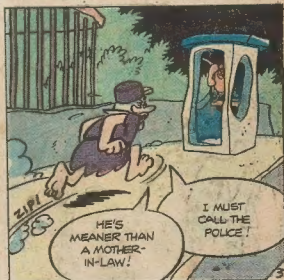
MEANWHILE, AT THE BEDROCK ZOO...

**GASP!** THE APEOSAURUS  
HAS ESCAPED !



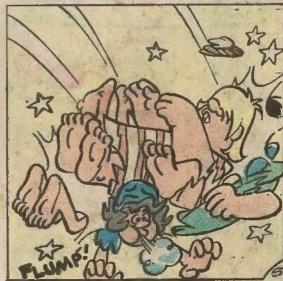
HE'S  
MEANER THAN A  
MOTHER-  
IN-LAW!

I MUST  
CALL THE  
POLICE !





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**GRAAAALLL!**

BAMM-  
BAMM'S ACT  
IS VERY  
CONVINCING!

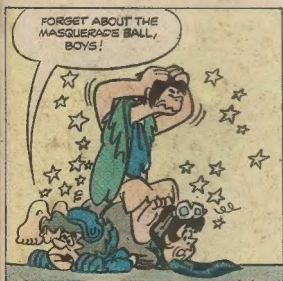
SO  
ARE  
HIS  
PUNCHES!

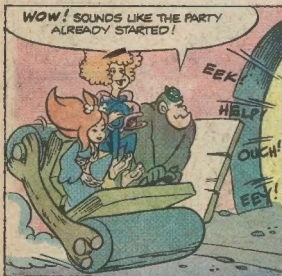
LET'S CHARGE!  
HE CAN'T TAKE  
ALL OF US!

I HOPE NOT!

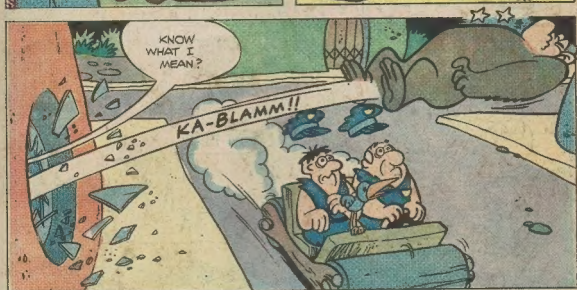


FORGET ABOUT THE  
MASQUERADE BALL,  
BOYS!



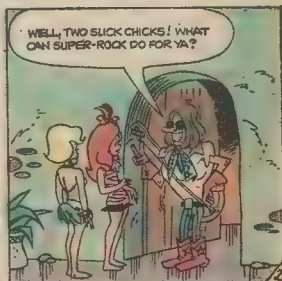
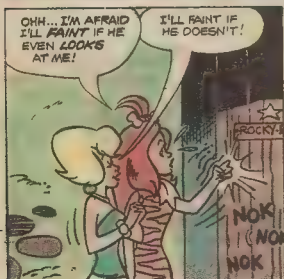
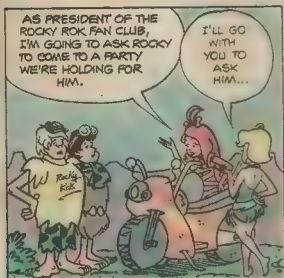
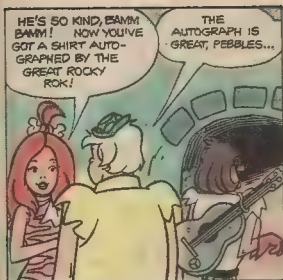






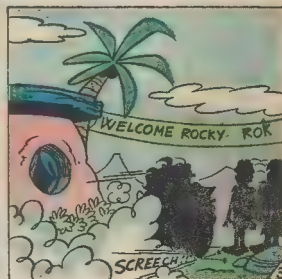
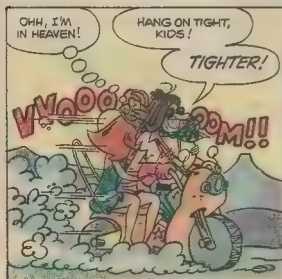
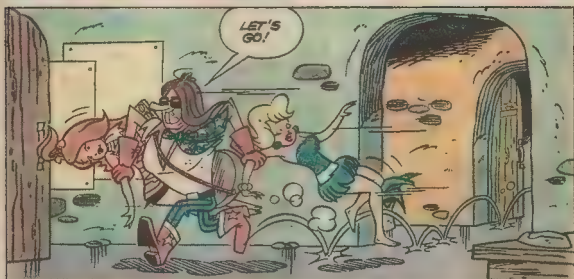
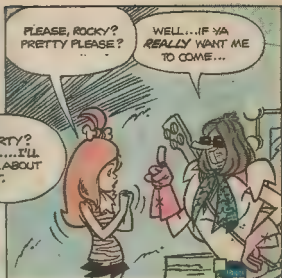
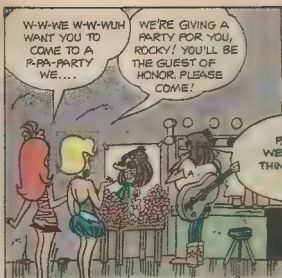
# PEBBLES BAMM-BAMM ROCKY ROCK HITS BEDROCK

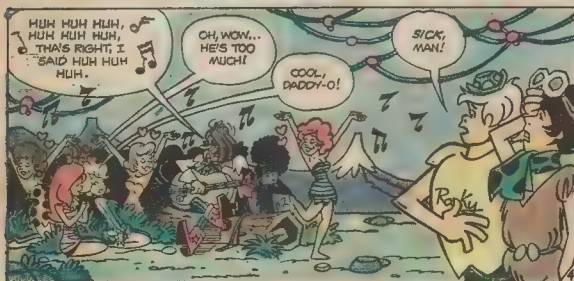
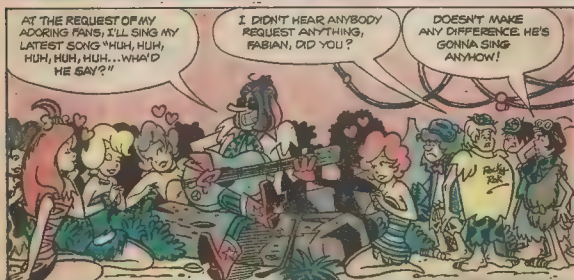
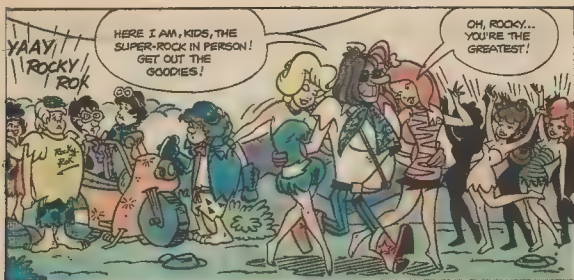




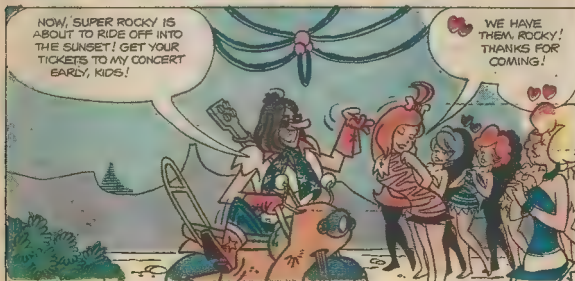
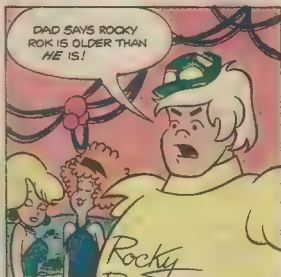
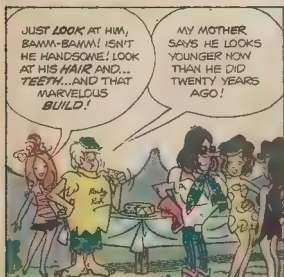
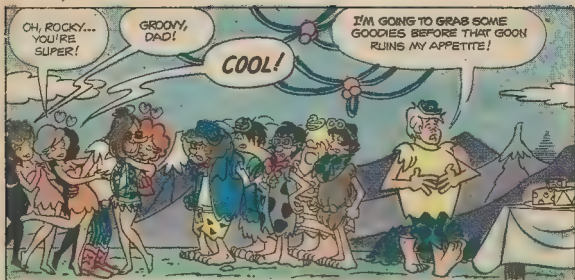
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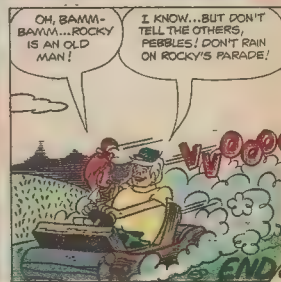
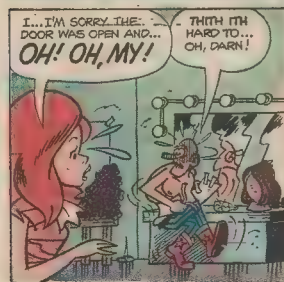
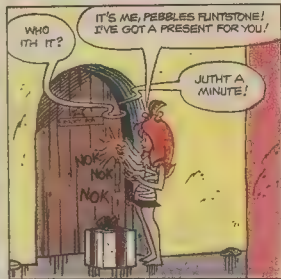
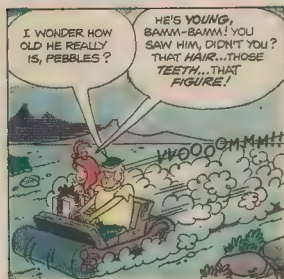
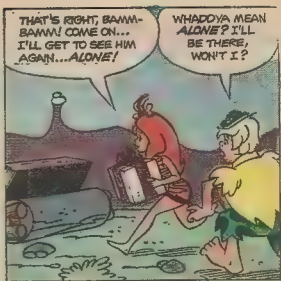
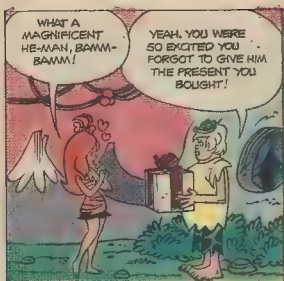




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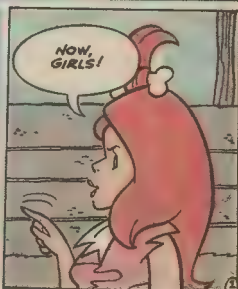
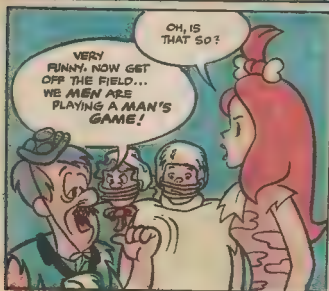
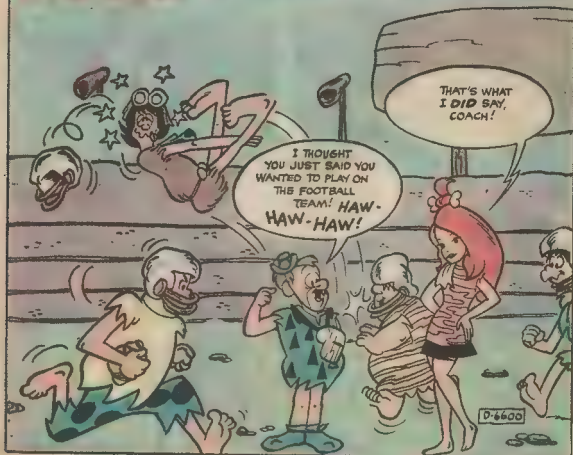


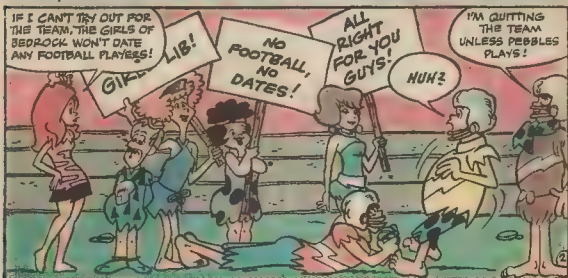
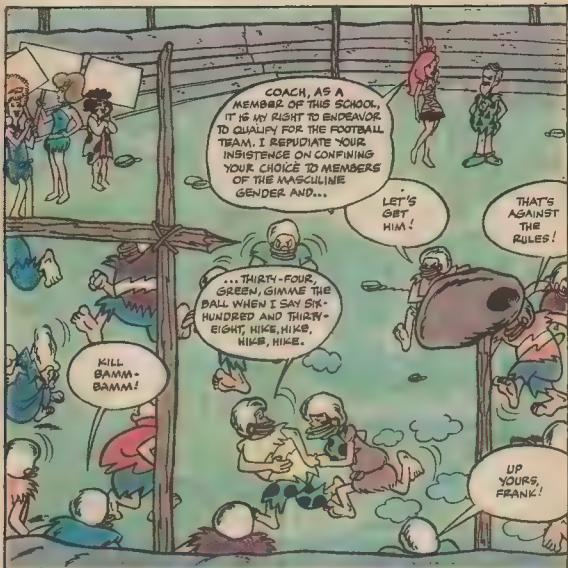




**TEEN-AGE**  
**PEBBLES**  
**BAMM-BAMM**

# A GIRL'S GOAL





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COACH, YOU'D BETTER LET  
PEBBLES TRY OUT. IF THE  
CHICKS STOP DATING THE  
PLAYERS, WE'LL ALL  
QUIT THE TEAM!

AND THAT'S  
THE TRUTH,  
COACH!

HERE'S YOUR  
UNIFORM, PEBBLES.  
PUT IT ON AND  
REPORT TO  
ME.

WELL...  
ALL  
RIGHT.

I LOOK  
RIDICULOUS.

THAT'S RIGHT. YOU  
QUIT THE TEAM?

NO. I'LL  
MAKE MY OWN  
UNIFORM.

NEXT DAY...

HERE  
I AM,  
COACH!

YOU WON'T  
LAST FIVE  
MINUTES,  
PEBBLES!

PEBBLES IS TRIN' OUT FOR THE  
TEAM, GUYS! SHE'S GONNA CARRY  
THE BALL. OKAY, LET'S GO!

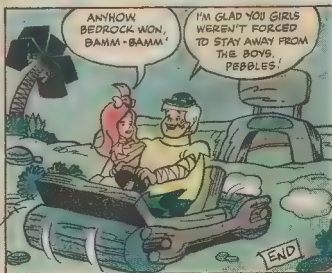
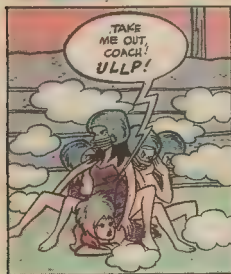
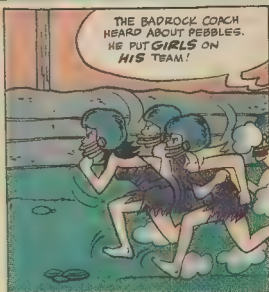
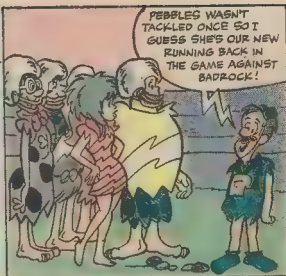
HIKE!

I CAN'T  
LOOK!

YOU DUMB-BELLS,  
WHY DIDN'T YOU  
TACKLE HER?

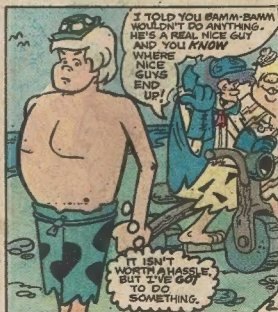
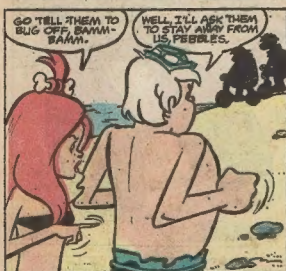
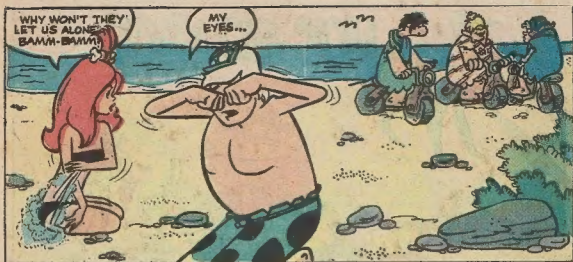
HOW?

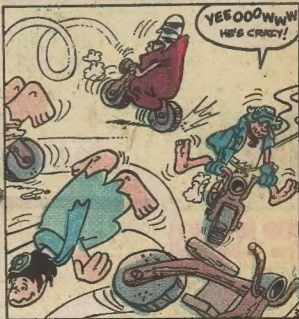
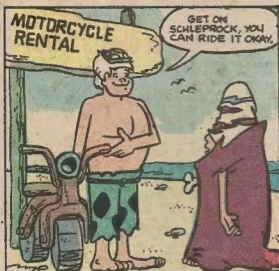
SHE  
MIGHT GET  
HURT!



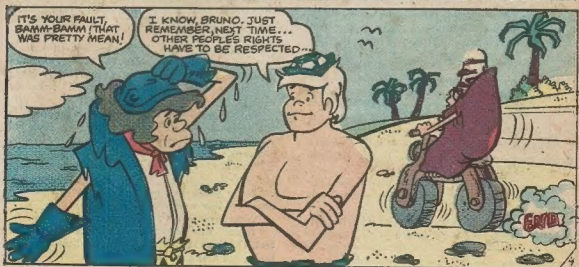
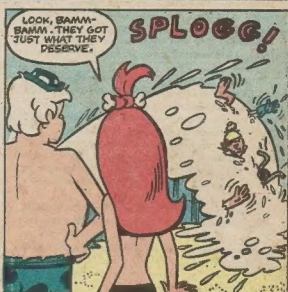
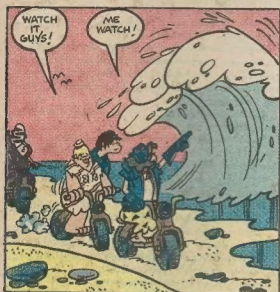
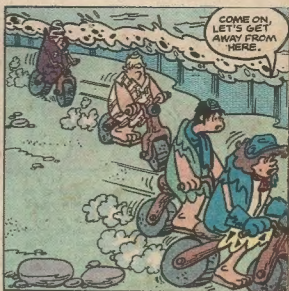
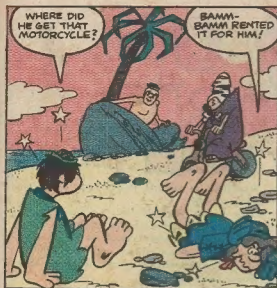








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# A LOT OF HOT AIR

"That is really something!" declared Moonrock as he, Pebbles and Bamm Bamm relaxed in Bedrock Park on a bright sunny afternoon.

"What is really something?" asked Bamm Bamm as he rolled over on his side and looked at Moonrock who was staring straight up into the clouds.

The three friends were lying on the grass doing nothing, but Moonrock's boy genius' brain was at it again. He was cooking up some wild, scientific theory or dreaming up some strange and unusual invention.

"Yes, tell us, Moonrock! What is really something?" Pebbles asked. She was as curious as Bamm Bamm was. They both wanted to know what Moonrock was talking about.

"That's what is really something!" replied Moonrock as he pointed up toward the fluffy, white clouds above the three, Bedrock High students.

"They're just clouds! What's so special about clouds?" snapped Bamm Bamm.

"Moonrock isn't pointing at the clouds, you ninny!" scolded Pebbles as she stared angrily at Bamm Bamm Rubble. "He's pointing at the birds gliding through the sky. That's what he's talking about! That's what he's referring to!"

Moonrock nodded. He was watching the birds as they climbed, soared and dived through the clouds.

"Big deal!" replied Bamm Bamm. "What's so special about birds? I see birds flying through the sky all day long. What's so amazing and fantastic about that? Moonrock, sometimes I think you have rocks in your head!" Bamm Bamm stated.

"The amazing thing about birds is that they can fly!" Moonrock explained. "It must be wonderful to float through the clouds. Someday, someone will invent something that will enable man to fly!" predicted Moonrock. "Someday, man will fly!"

"Gee, that sounds exciting!" exclaimed Pebbles. "I'd like to try flying through the air," she admitted eagerly. "Why wait for someone else to invent a flying machine, Moonrock? You're a boy genius. Why don't you invent something that can take us up into the clouds?"

"That sounds like a lot of hot air to me," grumbled Bamm Bamm as he laid back on the grass. "Man will never be able to fly!"

Moonrock thought for a second. Wheels were turning inside of his head. An idea was beginning to sprout in his brain.

"Hot air! That's the answer!" he shouted joyfully. "Hot air rises. If I can build something big enough to trap and hold a large quantity of hot air, we'll be able to float up into the sky!" he announced proudly.

"Yippie! We're going to fly like birds!" exclaimed Pebbles excitedly.

Bamm Bamm just laid back on the grass. He planned to wait and see what would happen.

Quickly, Moonrock went to work. He gathered all of the tools and equipment that he would need to make a flying machine. After hours of work, he'd assembled a prehistoric hot air balloon.

"All we have to do now is to fill the balloon part with hot air and climb into the basket," Moonrock explained. "As soon as the balloon is full of hot air, we'll float up into the clouds!"

Eagerly, Pebbles climbed into Moonrock's invention as the boy inventor started a small campfire on the ground near the basket. Then, Moonrock hopped in next to Pebbles. Reluctantly, Bamm Bamm followed his two friends.

The balloon filled with hot air. Slowly, the basket rose off of the ground.

"Look! Your invention is working! We're flying! We're flying!" announced Pebbles as they floated toward the clouds.

Up, up and away they flew. Bamm Bamm held on for dear life as they floated through the sky.

"W-What's happening?" stammered Bamm Bamm as he hid at the bottom of the basket.

"We're flying like birds!" shouted Pebbles happily as they slowly drifted past a fluffy, white cloud. "Moonrock is a genius. This flying machine is a great invention! Why don't you come up here and look at the fantastic view?" Pebbles suggested.

Bamm Bamm got to his knees and peered over the edge of the basket. His eyes opened wide in surprise. It was a long way down. "Are you sure we can't fall?" he asked.

"We're perfectly safe," Moonrock assured him.

Suddenly, the hot air cooled. The balloon began to drop. Down, down, down toward the ground it went.

"Hold on tight! We're going to crash!" screamed Pebbles.

Wham! Bam! Slam! They crashed in a jungle miles and miles away from Bedrock. Slowly, they all crawled out of Moonrock's great invention. Luckily, everyone was safe and sound.

"How are we going to get back to Bedrock?" Pebbles asked.

"We're going to use another great invention," answered Bamm Bamm.

"What invention is that?" inquired Moonrock.

"That!" said Bamm Bamm as he pointed at his feet. The three teens started walking. They didn't fly home, but they got there.